

FILMS AND VAUDEVILLE OFFER THE SOLE NOVELTIES



Reading from either side: Rosika and Yancy Dolly. They will return to their old haunts at the Palace tomorrow after a successful season in farce.

BATTLING FOR DRAMATIC UPLIFT

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

PLAYS come and plays go. A press agent is often "at liberty," but never "out of a job." A profession which has few ethics preserves this distinction very clearly.

Nevertheless, creature of habit that a press agent is, he never breaks himself of his clipping habit, and shreds his newspapers daily, as if they were some breakfast food being prepared for cream.

And so finally a play was discovered in the day's news—a prize play—and a Scotch play at that. Having in it all the potentialities of greatness, it never grew beyond them. It was like a man who is an incubator for ideas and a cemetery for actions. The play had won a prize of \$5 offered by a Scotch nobleman who was encouraging "letters" in war time. It had been produced for "one night only" at a London music hall theatre, by a company of English actors, gathered from the Seven Seas that England is mistress of—and they called themselves a Devonshire cast.

New York managers, perspicacious as they are, spend the time away from their clubs picking up "winning plays" in the European capitals. One of them spent the evening at this single performance of the Scotch prize play.

"My compatriots will stand for this," he said. "This is a prize play. See what the other prize plays have done here in America that Harvard professor is turning out! I shall clean up gasoline money for a year—say, such a fortune as will make my last one fade into insignificance." It already had.

At 10:30, seven minutes before the play closed, the New York manager was negotiating with the Devonshire manager from the East End for the Scotch prize play. At 10:30 East End had weakened to the extent of holding out for a first class passage to America for himself. At 10:35 East End rang down

the curtain one minute prematurely.

The play and company were on their way to "uplift American art."

With so much precipitousness, it was not the New York manager's fault that the play opened in New York two weeks ahead of its schedule. It got about as much space in the dailies next morning as the ice skating act in an uptown restaurant. There was no money for advertising, and the audiences consisted for the most part of invited presidents, treasurers and secretaries of civic, social, political and industrial organizations. There were at least eight drama uplift societies represented each evening at the performance of the prize play. But the box office receipts did not compare favorably with the funds of the strawberry festival at the M. E. Church.

It was the old story. The Scotch prize play with the Devonshire cast went to the provinces. But there was a new angle to the story, which concerned the press agent. It came back from the provinces!

Sometimes plays go to the wildwoods and they never come back. Sometimes they ruminate over the Western tracts and return to the "subway circuit" for a short trolley tour. But this play came back with a bang, to a Broadway house, at Broadway prices, with a Broadway electric sign and an automatic carriage call system at the front.

And now came a fight for the distribution of credit for bringing the prize play back to New York. One faction consisted of a large aggregation of women who jibbed and dabbled in drama, and they considered themselves responsible. Another was an incorporated concern with a long name and unknown resources, which considered itself responsible. And the third was the man who had brought the play from its one-night stand in England, and he considered himself responsible.

There was only one thing all three factions agreed upon and conceded. They needed a press agent. So they chose one who had been successful in foisting a physiological, psychological importation upon a prurient public two years before.

The "uplift" aggregation with the "interest" had 40,000 lovers of the drama (picked via the telephone directory) and circulated with green slips.

But the negative results of this campaign on the box office did not have any undue influence upon the number of teas, luncheons, supperettes, receptions and meetings of the society for bringing the play back, in honor of the players (there were some awfully nice young men among them) and for plays generally, capitalized, italicized, idiosyncratic. There were many that week. And even Broadway Brevities carried two lines on one of them.

And, meanwhile, the New York manager was celebrating the same event—in his way. The vaulted ceilings of his clubs resounded with peans of rejoicing by himself at his own acumen. According to him and his friends, he was introducing a new "kind of show" into the American theatre. And if he had been able to he would have dissipated the fortunes he had already made by the disposition of the stock and moving picture rights to his prize play, not to mention amateur performances and translations.

One week was over now, and the fight for the credit for bringing the play back had gone on gloriously in the newspapers and in the minds of three interested factions—and still no audiences. The remark made by a man who had entered the theatre at \$45, "It looks early, but it is late," would have been justified each night if passes and paper had been judiciously distributed to Fifty-seventh Street shop ladies and dramatic editors of trade journals.

And when on this Saturday night, at 10:30 o'clock, the secretary of the corporation which paid the salaries came, paid every one with checks and left the theatre, suspicion turned to realization. This was confirmed twenty minutes later by the teller of the Day and Night Bank, who refused to honor the checks, because they represented merely the signatures of the entrepreneurs and no available funds.

So the press agent became the suppress agent, and the papers merely announced that the Scotch prize play had been forced out of the theatre because of previous contracts.

The Devonshire cast went back to the land of the Seven Seas, except two of the principals, who were engaged by the Rectangle Film Corporation. The bill posters boiled because their bills had not been paid. The theatre owner swore he would never again harbor a prize play. And the Uplift Society eagerly awaited the coming of an East Indian literary yogi. The manager left for the beaches in South Carolina, and the incorporated concern subleased its own room on the eighteenth floor of the Fitzpatrick Building and left for parts unknown. And the press agent was again "out of a job"—that is to say, he was "at liberty."

IN VAUDEVILLE

PALACE—Dolly Sisters, Greater Moragan Dancers, "A Handbox Revue," Nellie and Sara Kounis, Mullen and Cogan, Duffy and Inglis, Alexander Brothers and Sister, Caines Brothers, "The Edge of the World."

RIVERSIDE—Emma Carus and Larry Comer, Conroy and Le Maire, Mercedes, Robins, Marguerite Farrell, Hirschhoff's Gypsies.

ROYAL—Rose Coghlan, in "The De-serters," by Willard Mack and Thomas F. Fallon; "Rubeville," Joseph L. Browning.

LOEW'S AMERICAN—Chauncey Monroe, in "A Business Proposition," Shaw and Lee, Mack and Velmar—first half.

NEW BRIGHTON—Nora Bayes, Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown, Williams and Wolfas, George M. Rosener, Jimmy Lucas, Myrtle Young and Jack Waldron, Jack Onri.



Nora Bayes, snapped with her principal assistant, Irving Fisher. They will be seen at the New Brighton this week.

MADGE O' THE FILMS

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

MADGE KENNEDY is the sweetest girl in the world. This statement is made authoritatively and without reservations. That she doesn't suspect it is why it is true. She is all agitated and excited about her coming debut in the silent drama, and fearful that she will find that she is a failure on the screen, just as though the delightful little comedienne could go very far wrong in any direction.

"I never have been at all nervous," said Miss Kennedy, "when I was to open in a new play, but being interviewed scares me to death. It is just like working in front of the camera—being recorded, you know, in everything you do or say." Here the other half of the family appeared in the office and wanted to know if he could not stay and hear his wife reveal her life secrets. He said that he never had heard any one interviewed and he wanted to see how it was done, but he was absolutely and positively refused admission.

"I didn't like the pictures at all at first, for it seemed all the time as though it was only rehearsing and never accomplishing anything. You know, the longest time they grind at one sitting is about a minute, and fancy working up to a big scene and having it all over in a minute! I find that the best way to do is to wait until they say 'Ready' and then dive into your bag of emotions and produce the desired one on the spur of the moment. If you work up to a big scene again and again only to find that it is merely a rehearsal you are completely exhausted by the time they get ready to turn the camera on you, and you have nothing left to give."

"The best fun of all is going into the projection room and watching them unfurl bits of your picture. My first was 'Baby Mine,' and I was so happy doing it, for it certainly is a delightful story, and I never had seen myself on the screen before. At first I thought, 'Oh, Madge Kennedy, aren't you awful!' and then I thought, 'Oh, you are not so bad in that scene,' and finally, before I came away, I was thinking that I was quite splendid. I rather liked myself on the screen. I wonder what the people will think of me, and what the critics will say of me. I am not one of those persons who believe that all adverse criticisms are spiteful."

Here we reminded Miss Kennedy that she never had had any adverse criticism, and she said frankly, "Indeed I have, and it did me more good than anything that ever happened to me. I never have forgotten it. Louis Sherwin said, 'Some consummate ass sitting behind me exclaimed: "That girl will keep the show going," but I am sure Miss Kennedy never will keep anything going until she learns to control that blatant accent, which must have come straight from the shores of Lake Michigan.' So, then, I knew that that was the way I sounded to other people, and I tried to overcome my 'blatant accent.' I practised 'hard' and 'purple' and 'New York' until now

there are none of those damning Rs left to prove that I was born west of the Mississippi. And then, just as I was quite well satisfied with my efforts, I had this splendid chance to go into the silent drama with the Goldwyn people, and I could not resist. The offer was tempting and at the same time flattering, for really a financial success means an artistic success, does it not? And then there was that ever recurring question: Could I do screen work if I tried? I decided to have it settled. I am not trying to do anything else at all. I am devoting all of my time to this work, and have temporarily given up the stage. I shall not act nor consider any plays so long as I am in the pictures. I think that is where people make a mistake—trying to do too many things at once. I'm sure life in front of the camera is arduous enough to take all of one's time, and there are always new scenarios to read."

"I think that people have not given enough thought to this moving picture art. It has sprung up overnight. Companies are formed and stars are made while you wait, so to speak, and beauty has been about the only requisite. Brains have not entered into the calculations very much, for it has always been the popular idea that you cannot find the combination in a woman. Then, too, the fact that so many of the stage stars have not been successful on the screen has strengthened the belief that histrionic ability is a positive detriment to those hunting the elusive laurels of the films."

"But here I am, talking as though I knew more about the game than those who have made a study of it, and my first picture has not yet been produced! When you see the picture I want you to tell me if you would know that the same baby was not used all the way through. You see, the babies grow so fast that we have to abandon them and get new infants for each scene. The one we started with



Vivian Martin, on the Strand screen in "Forbidden Paths."

was a tiny thing, supposedly a few hours old, but we laid him aside for a couple of weeks to take other scenes, and when we went back to pick him up again he was a perfect elephant. We had to have three sets of infants for that picture to keep them the same size. I never knew that young children grew so fast; but then, all babies look alike, anyway.

"Being present at the theatre the night that I make my debut on the screen is going to be much more exciting than a first night in New York."

"Perhaps if I'm very good in this they will let me do the sort of play I want next time. One of those heavy, mysterious things is what I'm aspiring to. You know, 'The Serpent of the Nile,' or something like that, where I can wear slinky gowns and drink dissolved pearls." Until Miss Kennedy laughed we thought she meant it, for every interviewee winds up that way. The comedienne wants to do comedy, the tragedienne wishes to do tragedy, the vampires insist on letting down their hair into ringlets, and the ingenues want to vamp. Madge Kennedy stands alone. She is quite content to be just what she is.

"MOVIES AS USUAL"

"KEEP the movies moving" is the slogan which has been adopted by Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, and if they are not kept moving it will not be the fault of the indefatigable Mr. Laemmle.

The way Mr. Laemmle says it, it sounds like a line from a popular song. He says: "Do your bit and make your hit and keep the movies moving," which ought to be set to music immediately. It has the proper rhythm. Mr. Laemmle continues:

"Contrary to expectations, the silent drama has increased in popularity in every country engaged in the great war. It is a business which has always been full of surprises, and now again it has fooled everybody. It did exactly the opposite from what the wise ones thought it would. Everybody said, 'No one will want to go to the theatre until the war is over.' But, as it turned out, the people crave entertainment more than ever. I suppose that is natural—the desire to have their minds diverted from the war. And now the United States has gone into the business of war in a thorough and a big way, and so, like every other warring nation, it will crave entertainment more than ever."

"For that reason I feel that we are entering the biggest summer season this business ever has experienced in this country."

"We could shut down all of our studios for a few weeks, thus avoiding an expenditure of something over a million dollars, and still have plenty of negatives to release without falling behind in our schedules. But we are not going to do it."

"Uncle Sam wants us to keep things humming. He doesn't want us to waste anything, but he has asked us to spend normally, and so we are going to spend a little more than normally."

"Every one who casts his bread on the waters now is going to find that it will return to him in the form of jelly cake before long. Outside of the fact that this is practical patriotism, which every business concern should practise, it is mighty good business. It will keep thousands of people at work, and thus encourage regular and normal spending of all kinds. And there is nothing better for the nation right now than a continuation of normal spending."

"The moving picture business is a gigantic power for good. This is the greatest opportunity we ever have had to silence the long-haired reformers and prove to the whole nation that we are in the job to keep things humming."

"It would not aid in winning battles for the nation to go about in sackcloth and ashes; in fact, such a step would be a hindrance to the cause upon which all good citizens are united. To give a proper account of itself the nation must be in tune, mentally, spiritually and physically, to render true account in the great exigency. A nation in the dumps will look at things with a distorted vision."

"All of which preamble brings us to the focal point, that innocent amusement must not be blackballed at this time, either by the government or by public opinion. This applies most particularly to the cosmopolitan movie, which affords a delight to the millions every day, which is instructive and educational as well."



Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, the latter being Margaret Mayo. In addition to their activities in the Selwyn company they are prominently concerned with Goldwyn films.

SHADOWS ON THE SCREENS

"THE WARRIOR," a new photo-spectacle, will be presented by Harry Raver at the Criterion Theatre for four weeks, beginning to-morrow night. Maeiste, who rescued Cabiria from the god Moloch, will appear in the new play.

He was working with a company of players in Austrian territory when his country decided to fight for democracy on the side of the Entente Allies. Suddenly his troupe was ordered to return to Turin and Maeiste realized that war had been declared. He and his companions were sent to a war detention camp, where they might have remained were it not for the ingenuity and daring of Maeiste. Under his guidance they made their escape and finally reached the Italian border, where Maeiste joined his country's colors.

"The Warrior" is said to show actual war scenes under conditions never yet exposed on the screen.

Sessue Hayakawa, supported by Vivian Martin, will be seen at the Strand Theatre in a photo-drama called "Forbidden Paths." Miss Martin is Mildred Thornton, a wealthy young American girl, who becomes the ward of Sato, her father's Japanese partner. This is said to be the most powerful play in which Hayakawa has appeared. In the cast are Tom Forman, James Neill and Carmen Phillips.

As an added attraction Manager Edell has secured the first official pictures of Uncle Sam's troops training behind the firing lines in France. This picture should have a greater interest for American audiences than any European war picture hitherto exhibited in this country.

The O. Henry picture will be "Strictly Business." Among the soloists are Grace Hoffman, who will sing "Hay-making," and Mischa Violin, the violinist. The overture will be from "William Tell," in connection with which one of Mr. Edell's color symphonies will be displayed.

"The Sawdust Ring" will be the feature picture at the Rialto this week, with Bessie Love in the leading role. This is a story of the circus, and will surely delight any man who ever carried water for the elephant or any woman who ever envied the lady bareback rider.

Chabrier's "España" overture will be played by the Rialto orchestra, with selections from "It Happened in Nordland" as an added number. Marion Rodolfo, Madeleine D'Espino and Henry Berton will be heard in the trio from "Attila," by Verdi.

Gladys Brockwell, in "To Honor and Obey," will be the attraction at the Academy of Music. Jewel Carmen will play a prominent part in this picture, and, strange to say, she will be the

siren, while Miss Brockwell will play the role of the wronged wife.

D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" has succeeded "The Birth of a Nation" at the Brighton Beach Music Hall.

This will be the last week of John Chapin's "Call to Arms" at the Lincoln cycle features at the Globe Theatre. There will be a number of five-minute speeches nightly by speakers of national prominence.

"The Lone Wolf," Herbert Brenon's production of Louis Joseph Vance novel, enters upon its third week at Broadway Theatre to-night. The management has been extended indefinitely.

The featured attractions at Loew's New York the coming week will include Jack Devereaux, in "A Successful Future," on Monday; Alice Brady, in "A Self-Made Widow," on Tuesday; Dorothy Phillips, in "The Rescue," on Wednesday; Enid Bennett, in "The Mother Instinct," and "The Voice of the Wire," on Thursday; Anita Stewart, in "The Message of the Moon," and Jean Sothern, in "Miss Deception," on Friday, and the two young stars, Katherine and Jane Lee, in "The Little Imps," on Saturday.

Julian Eltinge is now tilling with the motion picture camera for the first time in his life at the Lucky studio. Julian is positively the first studio impersonator ever kept in captivity at a Paramount studio.

Douglas Fairbanks made his debut in the sporting game last week as manager of Bull Montana, the Italian wrestler. He matched his new champion against the Masked Marvel, who wrestled Romanoff recently in Los Angeles. The Fairbanks wrestler proved the victor in twenty-eight minutes of the most exciting catch-as-catch-can wrestling demonstration ever witnessed in California.

Fairbanks assumed the management of Bull three months ago, when he discovered him at a New York gymnasium and engaged him to appear in a series of Arteract pictures. Montana won a 16½ collar and a 6½ hat and the scales at 165 pounds. He made his debut as the burglar in "In Again—Out Again."

"Sudden Jim," with Charles Ray in the title role, will be shown on the screen next Sunday. In the supporting cast are Sylvia Bremer as Mary Ducharme, George Stone, Joseph L. Dowling and Lydia Knott.

Wallace Reid has been selected to appear opposite Geraldine Farrar in the forthcoming Arteract picture. Mr. Reid played the lead to Miss Farrar in "The Woman."

NOW ON THE BOARDS

DRAMA	
FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.....	"The 13th Chair"
PLAYHOUSE.....	"The Man Who Came Back"
COMEDY	
GAIETY.....	"Turn to the Right"
MUSICAL	
NEW AMSTERDAM.....	"The Ziegfeld Follies"
COHAN & HARRIS.....	"Hitcho-Ko"
WINTER GARDEN.....	"The Passing Show of 1917"
NEW AMSTERDAM ROOF.....	"Eleven-thirty Follies"
PRINCESS.....	"Oh, Boy!"



Mary Arthur, who does her share toward the ornamentation of Mr. Ziegfeld's current "Follies"